and ingratiating. She waved her hand and wiggled her fingers. She was a con. I said I didn't want to give her medication she didn't need. She said she really needed it. She was beginning to be very anxious. She didn't have any money. I told her to wait half an hour. If she still felt anxious we'd see about that "PRN."

She came back half an hour later. She said she was feeling suicidal. Did I think she should call St. Onan's? Maybe I should call the police.

I told her that she shouldn't call St. Onan's either. She seemed to be increasing her requests. Compared to calling the Centre, the sedative almost looked like a good idea. It was brilliant compared to the police. They made me anxious and I didn't have a "PRN."

Samantha accepted the "PRN" as a favor to me. She really thought I should call St. Onan's to get her a "reservation." Then I should call the police to get her an escort, because it was a long way to walk and she was fragile. With her big heavy body and facial hair, she resembled a female teamster. She was a con, a thug. She frightened the other tenants. She'd hold the smoking room door open for her imaginary friend and sigh "Come on, Adam."

Samantha's friend was a version of Adam that she had constructed out of a relationship that went back many years. She had been Adam's client at other houses before Emile